

HE SAVED A LIFE BUT LOST HIS OWN.

Bill Sands's Heroic Rescue of a
Fellow-Workman in a Brook-
lyn Paper Mill.

John O'Day Was Caught in the Belt-
ing and Whirled Swiftly Around
the Great Shaft.

SANDS SNATCHED HIM FROM DEATH.

Then, When He Tried to Steady Himself,
the Brave Fellow's Hand Was Caught
by the Belt and His Body Was
Horribly Mangled.

The men in the mill said all along that
Bill Sands was game for anything, and
yesterday he proved it. To-day, when the
men gather in the shops, he who was
known as the finest fellow among them
will not be at his lathe, and the foreman
will miss the best mechanic he had. Bill
Sands gave his life yesterday to save the
life of a fellow-workman.

Sands had all the qualities which would
make him loved by the men employed
in the paper mill of the H. W. Johns Man-
ufacturing Company, at the foot of the
long dock that juts out into New York
Bay at Thirty-ninth street, Brooklyn. Al-
though forty years old, he looked not more
than thirty. He had a magnificent phys-
ique; stood more than six feet in his
stockings, and weighed more than two
hundred pounds. His face was round and
rosy, his mustache a dark brown, and
his eyes always smiling. There was no
man who could laugh more heartily, or
who laughed more frequently, than he.
His tremendous muscular strength easily
made him the leader of these men, who
work for their bread with hands that are
sore and calloused.

WHERE THE ACCIDENT OCCURRED.

The shop in which Sands worked is near
the water's edge. Clear down it, some
three feet from the roof, runs a revol-
ving shaft, supplying the power which op-
erates the machines in the building. This
shaft turns at the rate of 175 revolu-
tions a minute. It is a foot and a half
in diameter.

Directly beneath the shaft is a machine
for pressing wooden blanks. A strap
which forms the figure 8 connects the
presser with the revolving bar above.

A number of the younger employees were
endeavoring to place the belt on the pulley
of the pressing machine yesterday morning,
just before 11 o'clock. This operation, sim-
ple as it seems, requires a muscular arm
and a steady nerve, and involves no little
danger to the operator. None of the
young men seemed able to accomplish the
task, and Sands stood at his lathe a short
distance away, laughing with the amuse-
ment of an expert at the clumsy and
unsuccessful efforts of the novices.

"Take the wheel off and wrap the belt
around it, boys!" he shouted, and the men
good-naturedly laughed at the chaffing sug-
gestion.

"Here comes John O'Day; let him try
his hand at it," said one of the men, as a
young fellow of twenty-four sauntered

"Oh, it's an easy job," said O'Day, plac-
ing his hands on the band of leather. He
care it a quick jerk toward the wheel.
It caught somewhere, and the young fel-
low tried to release it. An instant later a
cry of horror rose above the rumble of
the machinery, and O'Day's body, caught
in the belt, shot upward toward the twirl-
ing shaft.

SANDS TO THE RESCUE.

His companions stood sick and trembling,
as he was tossed against the rafters.
Once, twice, he went around the pillar of
iron, and then his legs were gripped by
two hands of steel.

Bill Sands, shouting an order to have
the steam shut off, had sprung forward
and clasped him. Putting all his strength
into the effort, he wrenched O'Day free.
The young man fell limp and moaning
into his arms.

Weakened by the effort he had made,
Sands staggered backward. He dropped
O'Day to the floor and put out his hand to
save himself from falling. Unconsciously,
he clutched the belt. Like a flash it
twisted around his arm, and he was pulled
from his feet. It all happened so quickly
that before the men on the floor could real-
ize what had occurred, Sands was being
swung around the shaft as if he was but
the weight of a feather.

There was a half stifled cry from the un-
fortunate fellow, as his head struck against
the beams above. Then there came no
sound except the moan of the machinery
and the noise made by the heavy body as
it was flung again and again against the
rafters of the roof.

THE ENGINE STOPPED TOO LATE.

The first man to recover his senses was
John Thrall, of No. 549 Eleventh street,
Sands's partner and friend. He ran around
to the new building and called to the en-
gineer.

"For God's sake, stop her!"

The engineer pulled his lever, and the
shaft in the paper mill stopped revolving.
Sands's mangled body dropped to the floor.
Rumors of the accident spread rapidly.
Manuel Stokles, of No. 142 Forty-third
street, ran up to the Thirty-ninth street
ferry house and breathlessly called upon
Police Officer Holt and Murray to send for
ambulances. Calls were sent to the Brook-
lyn, Long Island College and Norwegian
hospitals. Then the policemen hurried
down to the scene, and O'Day was lying
on his back, his head toward the shaft.
Just before they arrived Sands opened his eyes and glanced
at the younger man.

"Are you all right, Jack?" he asked, and
then, as his eyes became dull and his fea-
tures twisted in pain, he moaned:
"Oh, God! Oh, God! My leg!"

THE DEATH OF SANDS.

He was unconscious again when Surgeon
Holt, of the Long Island College, Surgeon
Seldon, of the Brooklyn Hospital, and Sur-
geon on Lack, the house physician of the Nor-
wegian, arrived. They found that O'Day
had been badly bruised, and that his
right arm had been dislocated. His injuries,
although serious, were not considered fatal.
He was conveyed in the Brooklyn Hospital
ambulance to his home, at No. 135 Twenty-
fourth street.

Sands was frightfully hurt. Both legs
and one arm were broken in several places;
his skull was fractured, he was injured in-
ternally, and his whole body was bruised
and bleeding. He was taken immediately
to the Norwegian Hospital, at the corner
of Forty-sixth street and Fourth avenue.
Dr. Lack worked with him all day long,
but he was beyond human aid. Word was
sent to his little home, at No. 210 Thirty-
second street, and his wife hurried to the
hospital. She was with him when he died,
at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The shock
prostrated her completely, and the physi-
cians fear that she will not be able to bear
her grief.

Last evening the body of Sands was
taken to the desolate home of his widow.

HIS SANITARIUM ILLEGAL.

Seven Indictments Against "Dr." Loudon
for Sheltering Insane Patients
Without a License.

Riverhead, L. I., March 4.—The Grand
Jury to-day found seven indictments
against John Loudon, who conducts a sani-
tarium at Amityville, called Loudon Hall.
The indictments charge Loudon with un-
lawfully sheltering lunatics without a
license from the State Lunacy Commis-
sion. On each indictment Loudon can be
imprisoned for one year or fined \$500.

Loudon Hall is a fashionable sanitarium.
Before Loudon's arrest it was a money-
making institution. Some years ago the
State Lunacy Commissioners revoked
Loudon's license because he had no resi-
dent physician. Then vague stories of
queer doings at Loudon Hall were cir-
culated. But the aristocratic-looking prop-
rietor disclaimed the charges.

Last Fall, however, the Commissioners
employed a private detective to get evi-
dence against him. The detective called
at the hall with a companion and made
arrangements for placing a lunatic in
the institution. On the following morn-
ing the detective and his companion were
arrested by the State Lunacy Commission-
ers. Loudon was called a doctor, but at the
hearing before Justice Gaynor, he admitted
that he was not a physician. He was for-
warded to a lunatic hospital at Amityville.
On account of his haughty manners he
has been called "King John" by his
neighbors.

INDIANS JOIN THE CHURCH.

Carried Away by a Religious Revival, They
Forsake the Faith of Their
Forefathers.

Shinnecock Hills, L. I., March 4.—A re-
ligious revival is sweeping across the reser-
vation here and many half-breed Shinne-
cock Indians are forsaking the faith of
their forefathers and embracing Christian-
ity. There are not many full-blooded
braves of the tribe here, but they are also
joining in the march to the anxious seat.

The meetings were started in the old
Methodist Church at Shinnecock Neck a
few days ago by a couple of good deacons
from Southampton. They held nightly ser-
vices and soon the Indians became inter-
ested.

They flocked to the little wooden church
and soon became interested in the story of
the Gospel. There are a lot of good deacons
among the Shinnecocks. Under the fervid
appeals of the deacons the half-breeds be-
came aroused. They shouted and sang.
The full-blooded braves were carried away
by the excitement. They joined in the ser-
vices and soon abandoned all hopes of their
father's hunting ground for the
heaven of the pale face.

ANOTHER TROLLEY VICTIM

John Gausa, While Intoxicated, Was Struck
and Instantly Killed by a Car
at Maspeth.

Newtown, L. I., March 4.—John Gausa,
a Pole, was struck and instantly killed by
a trolley car on Fifth avenue, Maspeth,
at midnight last night. He was intoxicated
and was walking on the track at the time.

The car was in charge of Motorman
Rapeleya and Conductor John Surdett.
The trolley was going north on the
line, and Gausa was on the track until the car
was within a few feet of him. He shouted
to the man, but Gausa did not pay any
attention to him. He said it was too late
to stop the car.

The motorman and conductor were ar-
rested, but were subsequently paroled.

STUMBLING OVER A MAN.

Mrs. Catherine Weber, of Brooklyn, Has a
Curious Adventure.

Mrs. Catherine Weber, who lives in the
flat house No. 16 Tompkins avenue, Wil-
liamsburg, was greatly frightened at day-
light yesterday morning by stumbling over
a drunken man who lay asleep in the
cellar of the building.

Mrs. Weber had gone to the cellar to
get coal. As a rule she generally carries
a light with her, but yesterday she forgot
it. The cellar is dark, and as Mrs.
Weber groped her way along to the bin
for coal, she felt over the man. Her first im-
pression was that the intruder was a burglar,
and she screamed lustily as she ran up
the stairs. On reaching the hall-
way she fell in a faint.

Police Officer Nolan, of the Vernon Avenue
Station, was soon found, and he ran to the
house. The officer and two other men tried
to arouse the man, but found it impossible.
Two more policemen arrived, and the in-
truder was finally carried to the station
house in a patrol wagon. There he was
laid alongside a steam register, and was
soon revived.

He said he was Anton Claesson, a hatter,
living at No. 101 Throop avenue. He had
been drinking since noon, and had come to
the Tompkins avenue house, and said he
last remembered leaving a saloon in
Harrison avenue. He evidently mistook the
house for his own home. When arraigned be-
fore Justice Gossling the charge of burg-
lary which had been made, was changed to
intoxication, and he was let go under
suspension of sentence.

MRS. MARTIN FOUGHT POLICE.

They Entered Her Apartments to Arrest Her
for Ill-Treating Her Children.

Bridget Martin, fifty-four years old, the
wife of a longshoreman living at No. 42
South Fifth street, Williamsburg, was ar-
raigned yesterday in the Lee Avenue Pol-
ice Court, and held in \$500 bail on the
charge of ill-treating her three small chil-
dren. Annie, Kate and Martin, aged ten,
eight and nine years.

On Tuesday morning, it is alleged, Mrs.
Martin wanted beer, and when she found
she had no money, pawned the little ones' clothes. During the afternoon she was
pleading with their mother not to beat
them any more. The police were called
by the neighbors. Officer
Sauer, of the Children's Society, went to
the house. He found the woman drunk,
and drove him from the room. Sauer
then sent for the patrol wagon, and before
the woman could be subdued, she bit the
police on the right cheek and struck the
oldest girl a severe blow in the face. The
police overpowered her and she was locked
up in the Bedford Avenue Station house.
Five years ago Mrs. Martin was arrested
for cruelty toward the two eldest children.

SULLIVAN TO CONTROL ALL.

One Had for All the Post Offices in the
City of Brooklyn.

A dispatch from Washington received yes-
terday by Postmaster Sullivan definitely
announced that every post office in Kings
County would be placed under his official
control. There are fifteen independent post
offices in the city, but, whose locations and
names are as follows:

Sheephead Bay, Daniel J. Heffner, Post-
master; Coney Island, Dr. John F. Hill; Gravesend,
Lewis J. S. Johnson; Gravesend,
J. H. Abner; West Brooklyn, Allen
N. Spence; Van Pelt Manor, Peter A. Mon-
fort; Rockville, William R. Stevenson;
Lawwood, Felix J. Quinn; Flatlands, Elias
Hendrickson; Canarsie, Charles Lehman;
Bath Beach, William H. Wright; Bensonhurst,
E. A. Roetzer; Bay Ridge, W. B. Wakefield; Blythebourne, A. P. Stewart;
Fort Hamilton, John T. Mayo.

Shall Bloomfield be a post-
office? Bloomfield, N. J., March 4.—A petition
is being circulated here, signed by property
owners, urging the Township Committee to
hold another election to enable the people
to vote on the proposition to incorporate
this as a third-class city. The proposed in-
corporation is to get Glen Ridge back
into the fold. A number of property owners
of the borough signed the petition.

BROOKLYN HAS A PROPHET.

Gress Has Been Predicting
Storms, Plagues and Earth-
quakes Since 1877.

He First Has a Dream and Then
Spends a Few Hours at Night
in a Cemetery.

THEN HE IS PRIMED FOR WORK.

Says He Foretold the Charleston Earth-
quake, and Warned the People of the
Shake on February 27—Declares
There Will Be Another Soon.

Brooklyn has a weather prophet, who,
like all sages, is without honor in his own
country. He lives in a room on the top
floor of No. 233 Flatbush avenue. His name
is Joseph Gress, and when he is not con-
vulsed on the weather he paints signs.
While Gress makes a specialty of weather
forecasts, he also tells of the coming of a
scurge or an earthquake.

He gets most of his information about the
weather and subterranean disturbances from
the spirits. It is generally supposed that
the spirits are the shades of departed
prophets, but Gress's neighbors unkindly
suggest that some other kind of spirits
warn him of the coming of plagues, earth-
quakes and storms.

However true this may be, Gress makes
some predictions which are startling in
their accuracy. His success at foretelling
earthquakes was shown recently. On Feb-
ruary 20 Gress said: "There will be an
earthquake somewhere in this country in
forty-eight hours." After imparting this
startling bit of information the prophet
strode down the street in a self-satisfied
manner.

But the earthquake happened. It just
came in time to save Gress's reputation as
an earthquake predictor. Monday evening
Calwell, a tiny little settlement in Kansas,
was shaken so all the dishes in the houses
rattled and every resident had the ague.
It only lasted four seconds, but then it was
a quake, and Gress is satisfied.

When seen after the quake Gress was
happy. "I told you so," he said, "and I
knew the quake would come." It was only
a little one, but there will be a tremen-
dous quake soon. I'll warn the world in
time."

Gress first became aware of his prophetic
powers in 1877. The combination of
sevens, he says, is not responsible for his
keen foresight. They are not the only
sevens in his history. He was born on
March 17, sixty-nine years ago. He attaches
no importance to the day of his birth.

In 1877 Gress had a vision. He imagined
that he was flying about through space.
He soared over high buildings and was
on the airy road to a place where weather
prophets are of no use, when he was
brought down to earth in a prosaic man-
ner. Some irreverent person jumped up
and, catching him by the coat-tails, pulled
him down to earth again.

Since then Gress has been doing a lively
lot of predicting. He told of an earthquake
in 1878, which arrived a few hours after
his prediction. The northern part of New
York State quivered for a few moments
then. In 1886, Gress says, he told of the
Charleston earthquake. He has predicted
shakes since then with varying success.

Gress always has a dream before he
predicts anything. Then the next night
he goes to Greenwood Cemetery or God's
Acre in Prospect Park and moves about the
graves. Then, after a few hours in the
cities of the dead, he announces to the
world his conclusions.

Prophet Gress is an odd character. He
wears double-barreled spectacles, which
make the prophet's eyes appear very large.
He has a thick growth of Senator Peffer
whiskers, which aid him in making pre-
dictions. They act as a wind gauge.

Gress lives a lonely life. He cooks his
own meals and keeps clean his own room.
The other tenants in the house smile at
him, but he goes on predicting earth-
quakes, plagues and storms.

POTTS APPARENTLY INSANE.

The Prisoner Became Violent and Was
Placed in a Strait Jacket.

John Potts is thought to be hopelessly
insane. The Warden of the Raymond Street
Jail in Brooklyn was forced to put him
in a strait-jacket yesterday on account
of his violent conduct.

Potts is the man who broke into the
Home for Friendless Girls the other night
and was discovered under the bed of his
wife and child, who were being cared for
at the institution.

His case was to have come up before
Judge Walsh yesterday, but the jail au-
thorities did not think it wise to let him
go out. Judge Walsh says the Charities
Commissioners have been advised by ex-
perts that Potts is not insane.

MRS. MOSER WANTS THE CHILD.

But There Are Complaints Against Her,
and the Court Hesitates.

Mrs. Florence Moser, a fortune teller
and clairvoyant, doing business in Broad-
way, Brooklyn, E. D., secured a writ of
habeas corpus ordering the production of
her fourteen-year-old stepdaughter, Eliza,
before Justice Van Wyck in the Supreme
Court yesterday.

Superintendent Wilkins, of the Children's
Society, opposed Mrs. Moser's efforts to
secure possession of the girl. He accused
the woman of sending her girl into the
street and of receiving eleven complaints re-
garding the child. The hearing was adjourned.
The girl is being cared for by Mrs. Henry
Specht, of No. 1103 Flushing avenue.

CARBOLIC ACID BY MISTAKE.

Annie Creamer Had a Toothache
and Picked Up the Wrong Bottle.

Annie Creamer, twenty-two years old, of
No. 118 Boerum street, Williamsburg,
while suffering with a toothache Tuesday
night, got up and went to a closet for
some laudanum to ease the pain.

She picked up a bottle containing carbolic
acid by mistake and swallowed some of
the contents. An ambulance surgeon saved
her life.

A GEM

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PLAN FOR A JUNE STRIKE.

Brooklyn Trolley Employees Are Organizing
to Renew Demands—Debs
Coming to Help.

The leaders of District Assembly No.
75, of the Knights of Labor, are reorgan-
izing the trolley line employees in Brook-
lyn, preparatory to renewing, in June, the
demands for which they went on strike
last winter.

In this they are being assisted by the or-
ganizers of the American Railway Union,
which has established a local in Brooklyn.
Several conferences have been held between
the leaders of the American Railway Union
and District Assembly No. 75 with regard
to plans for organization, and another con-
ference is to be held in this city shortly, at
which Eugene V. Debs, the founder of the
American Railway Union, is expected to be
present.

In the meantime a special committee is
trying to get the Brooklyn Heights and At-
lantic Avenue companies to take back the
men still living in Brooklyn who were
blacklisted after the trolley strike.

Master Workman Martin J. Connelly, who
conducted the last trolley strike, has been
re-elected.

HIS BRAVERY REWARDED.

Brooklyn's Gallant Fireman Promoted to
the Position of Assistant For-
man, at Increased Pay.

Henry P. Kirk, the brave young fireman
of truck No. 3, Brooklyn, was yesterday ap-
pointed assistant foreman in recognition of
his record as a life-saver. The stories of
his daring rescues at the Arbuckle mills,
the tenebrous fire on Prospect street and
at Fulton street and Sprague alley have
been told in the Journal.

Yesterday Fire Commissioner Bryant an-
nounced that he had promoted Kirk by vir-
tue of the "reward for gallantry" act of
1892. This is the first promotion under the
law. Mr. Bryant sent a communication to
the Mayor, setting forth the various acts
of the record of Kirk's credit. The Com-
missioner said:

I have the honor and pleasure to present
the name of Henry P. Kirk, of Hook and Ladder
Company No. 4, a fireman, well worthy of pro-
motion for gallant and meritorious deeds in the
discharge of his duties, for promotion to the
rank of assistant foreman. Kirk, by his gen-
eral record and excellent conduct while in the
service to be a brave and efficient fireman. On
September 2, 1895, at the fire in the silver-
brick building at John and Jay streets, occupied
by Arbuckle Bros., men were on the eighth floor
burned by fire, without means of escape.
Hook and Ladder Company No. 4 arrived quickly
and raised the 35-foot extension ladder under the
Fireman Kirk, with great promptness and pre-
sence of mind, ascended the ladder, which only
reached the eighth-story window, and thereby
enabled the five imprisoned men to escape a hor-
rible death.

Commissioner Bryant then referred to
Kirk's last brave act of a week ago at No.
10 Prospect street, when he kicked in a
window on the top floor while suspended
from the cornice, and then swung inside
feet first and rescued a paralytic named
Daniel Gallagher.

As assistant foreman Kirk will receive
\$1,350 a year, an increase of \$500 over his
present salary. He is about twenty-six
years old and single. He was born in
Brooklyn.

FORGERY RIGHT IN COURT.

Expert Penman Ames Demonstrated How
Easily Mrs. Hoynes's Name
Could Be Imitated.

Forgery was committed right in the pres-
ence of Surrogate Abbott in Brooklyn yes-
terday. It was done by Daniel T. Ames, the
expert penman, to show the Surrogate how
easily the signature of Mrs. Catherine E.
Hoynes could be imitated.

Mrs. Hoynes, a resident of Chicago, died
six years ago, leaving an estate of \$101,000.
Most of the property is located in Brooklyn.
She left all her money to her husband, Michael
Hoynes, who died in March, 1891, a year
after his wife's death. Mr. Hoynes left a
will ordering the distribution of the estate
in equal shares to his wife and two sons.
Mrs. Mary R. Gardiner, sister of Mrs.
Hoynes, is contesting the will of her sister.
The case is now pending in the Supreme
Court in Brooklyn. She declared that
Mrs. Hoynes's will was forged and never
signed by her.

Mrs. Hoynes was a widow when she
married her husband, Michael Hoynes, of
No. 101 Quincy street, Brooklyn, where they
now live. Mrs. Hoynes signed the will. Mr.
Hoynes said he never saw the will, but
Hoynes and her husband saw both Mr.
Hoynes and Mrs. Hoynes sign the will. Mr.
Hoynes left a share of his estate to
his wife.

Mr. Ames testified in behalf of the
contestants. He thought the will was forged
and then wrote Mrs. Hoynes's name sev-
eral times, to show how easy it was to forge
it. The case was continued.

HARTT ABANDONS HIS CLAIM.

Judge Dickey Dismisses His Suit Against
Northport Real Estate Company.

Riverhead, L. I., March 4.—The suit of
Samuel P. Hartt against the Northport
Real Estate Improvement Company was
decided in the Supreme Court at this place
last evening. Hartt claimed property that
was sold to the company, alleging he had
rights which he never deeded over to the
company. The property is known as High-
land Park and New Yorkville with cottages
and handsome country residences, which
have been built there since the improve-
ment company came into the possession of
the land. Hartt claimed that his equity
in the property was \$50,000 or more, but
offered to settle for that amount before
the case came up to court.

Hartt did not appear in court and the
case was dismissed by Judge Dickey with
allowance of \$100 costs to the de-
fendants.

NAVY YARD RAIDERS TRIED

They Were Caught by a Marine While Try-
ing to Get Away.

William Phelan and John Callahan, ac-
cused of robbery at the Navy Yard, were
tried in the United States District Court,
Brooklyn, yesterday. They are the men
whose custody was disputed by the State
authorities, who, through Judge Haggerty,
claimed a right to try the men. They were
committed to Raymond Street Jail for ten
days for intoxication and then surrendered
to the Federal Marshal.

Five men scaled the Navy Yard wall and
gathered \$200 worth of material. Corporal
Patrick Hanley, of the Marine Corps, dis-
covered them and gave chase. Three of
the men escaped, but Callahan and Phelan
were captured.

After charging the jury yesterday, Judge
Brown ordered a sealed verdict to be re-
turned this morning.

LIT A MATCH ON DYNAMITE.

There Was an Explosion, and Baker Lost
Part of His Hand.

Sotakret, L. I., March 4.—Theodore
Baker picked up a small circular object
on the street yesterday. It was of light
color and of the shape of a tin. Baker had
found an odd piece of petrified wood and
kept it as a curiosity.

To-day he wanted to light his pipe, and,
pulling the object from his pocket, he
scratched a match upon it. There was an
explosion. The object was a dynamite
cartridge, and it carried off part of Baker's
right hand.

Bloomfielders at the Tournament.

Bloomfield, N. J., March 4.—The Bloom-
field Cycling and Athletic Association here
will hold a tournament on Friday night
to play the bowlers in the Associated
Cycling Clubs tournament. A number of
persons will come from here to play, and
that has been chartered, and lively times
are promised.

TO PRISON FOR 41 YEARS.

Under the Habitual-
Criminal Act.

The Longest Sentence Ever Given a
Convict in Brooklyn for a
Similar Crime.

DECLARED HE PREFERRED DEATH.

Made an Attempt On His Life the Day
Before—Said He Would Certainly
Kill Himself Sooner or Later.

Richard Johnson, a colored burglar, was con-
victed in the County Court, Brooklyn, Monday, of burglary and
grand larceny under the Habitual Criminal Act. When
taken to Raymond Street Jail to await sentence he at-
tempted suicide by hanging himself in his cell. He was
unconscious when cut down by one of the keepers.

Richard Johnson, alias Henry Smith, a
colored burglar, of Brooklyn, was sentenced
to forty-one years in State Prison yesterday
morning by Judge Aspinall, of the County
Court.

Johnson's sentence is the longest ever
given to a man in Brooklyn for burglary,
and the first under the Habitual Criminal
act. When Johnson was convicted he
asked how long a sentence he would get.
The Deputy Sheriff who returned him to jail
said he thought about twenty-five years;
somebody else remarked he would go up for
life, and a fellow prisoner ventured the opinion
that about forty years would be the right
sentence.

Two hours after he was returned to the
Raymond Street Jail Monday he attempted



Richard Johnson.

suicide by hanging himself in his cell. When
cut down Johnson declared he would com-
mit suicide sooner or later if he was given
a long sentence.

When brought into court yesterday the
negro was closely watched, as it was feared
he might make a dash for liberty. Judge
Aspinall, after a few words in regard to
the law and the facts relating to his con-
viction, said:

"I sentence you to ten years in State
Prison at hard labor, on the charge of bur-
glary in the second degree as a first of-
fense, and ten years on the charge of grand
larceny in the first degree as a second of-
fense. On the second indictment I sentence
you to ten years for burglary in the second
degree and eleven years on the grand lar-
ceny charge."

Johnson was at once led out of court.
He said he would rather have been sen-
tenced to death. At 1 o'clock, in charge
of two deputy sheriffs, he was taken to
Rikers Island to await the execution of his
sentence for burglary. He is
twenty-eight years of age, and was born
in Richmond, Va.

In 1889, under the name of Henry Smith,
he was sent to the Elmira Reformatory.
After a couple of years he was released.
He returned to Brooklyn and for a while
worked in a tobacco factory. For a couple
of years he was missed from his haunts,
and in 1894 was sentenced for burglary
and grand larceny to the penitentiary for
one year and six months. He was released
in the latter part of 1895. On December
17, a few weeks after his release, the
house of Jeannette Cochrane, No. 136 Pacific
street, was entered, and on the same
night the residence of George Davidge, No.
132 Pacific street